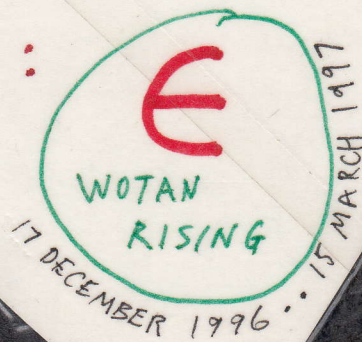
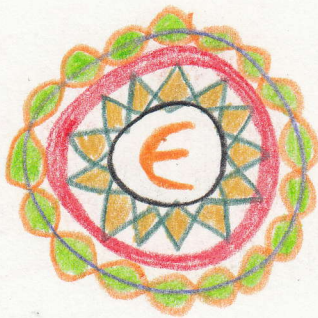


LETTERS FROM THE BREATH OF LIFE

SET₃: SCRIBBLINGS

PHASE 9:





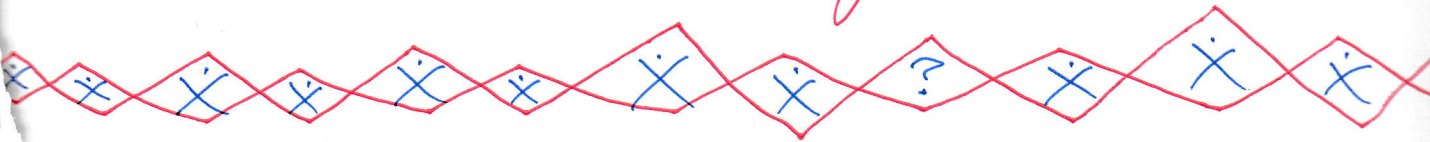
WOTAN RISING

(ODIN)

WINTER of 1997

1

Demons In My Head



TUESDAY 17 DECEMBER 1996

0100 hours

I am, like my father Carl William, an insomniac.
I am, like my mother Carol Marie Weber, a manic-depressive. I, like my sister Tami Ann Minichini, do indeed pray. The only difference between the way my sister prays and the way I pray is that she prays to the compassionate figure Jesus Christ of the Christian religion, whereas I do not pray "to" any "figure", but experience a state of prayer. There is no being "outside" that I direct my prayers to, but instead I feel the ancient presence of existence within the very fibers of my being, intertwined in my veins and sinews, the fabric of thought itself. I am Wotan. I am Wotan Rising.

15
On a more physical note, I may want to avoid driving down Throckmorton Street as the brothers are yelling for me to stop. I do not want to take a chance of having some "rock" thrown in my car on credit. I really don't think I could keep from taking a blast.

Arthur Schopenhauer did not live in 1996 USA.

Adolf Hitler did not live in 1996 USA.

Mike Hentrich is Mike Hentrich. I read my life as it unfolds. Let Lonnie, Chris, Jason, and anyone else perceive me as some weak wimp who is crying over the disappearing woodlands.

If we ever confront each other, which I doubt will ever come to pass, it is they who are in for a shock. They most surely will underestimate me.

Jason always had yelled at me about how I think people are against me. He said that people are in my corner. Could he have been right? No Friends. No enemies.

Is that it? The jews are no longer my enemy and I have NO allies. I stand alone as a human organism... with ancient powers flowing in my blood.

THURSDAY 19 DECEMBER 1996

10PM

If I am the only one to read these notes on my existence, so much the better. If my writings are exposed to other like minds, it can only benefit them in understanding themselves and the human condition. I sought help when I became suicidal back in August. Now I have been on medication, lithium for over three months. I seem to be stable.

The fact that I am trying to stay away from the local bookstore because (1) I think I am giving Kristen the creeps and (2) I have so many books to read already is keeping me in the house after work. I have created my own prison. I police myself.

I reflect upon the violent lifestyles of people in the inner cities of this country, the USA, and I am grateful to be living down this long road in the woods of my hometown of Freehold.

I have lost the desire to be in my cousins rock band because I am apathetic about making a statement to the masses. With all the gangster rap out there glorifying violence and idiot mentalities, I do not want to compete in the MTV industry. Fame is nothing.

I have nothing to say to the masses. I am a parasite living off an out of control civilization like everyone else. There is no humanity here, just a multitude of insects. I await nothing. I look forward to nothing. There is no salvation except for death itself.

1200 Hours

hundreds of thousands of people are "posting" messages through the electronic form of the internet. This means of communication is commendable, but it can not replace my need to write in a journal. What is it about writing notes on my existence that is so fulfilling to me? I guess it is a place for me to verbalize the invisible thought processes that are otherwise trapped in my psyche.

There are many men out there lonely for female companions. Many men find release in alcohol, drugs, prostitutes. The markets out there prey on lonely people's vulnerability. I am almost ready to give up finding a woman so that I might learn to find contentment in the daily ritual of work, nap, eat, read, write, shower, sleep.

I guess the pain comes from wanting more from life than it can actually give. After all, it is only life. As for my position in society, there are people out there with masters degrees in mathematics who are working in department stores. I don't want to try to reach out to anyone anymore. I need not be in a rock band.

I need not publish my writings. I need not stay in touch with any people. If I meet a woman, that will be a blessing, but I will manage alone. Even if the loneliness drives me insane, life will soon be over for me as sure as death.

0300 hours

How do I expect to wake up in time to report to work at 0800 hours if I stay awake all night reading? Am I naturally nocturnal? Life is eerie. If I were out there in the snow - here on Winter Solstice we Freeholders get our first snowfall - I could possibly die - I don't know. Life blood is very stubborn. It will kill to survive. I guess if I were to unleash the power of my intelligence, I would see that as an organism I am doing just fine for I am existing in a shelter with heat, a refrigerator, and even a personal library!

I could keep a female alive. We could have offspring. As a state slave, My biological existence is secure for the moment. This monkey is going to sleep.

2200 HOURS

One thought that helps me look the locals in the eye with confidence, no matter what has been said about my having sexual relations with a toothless black woman or about how I slept in abandoned houses around Belt-taire farm in my youth, no amount of money could purchase the house and land where I currently dwell.

This is why I keep my job with The Park.

They have captured me. If there is a woman out there wise enough to see this, she will come hunting me down. If there is not, then I will live my day and nights as a hermit/writer/singer/drummer. I will be visiting cousin Eric and Occupied Minds this weekend.

1300 HOURS

As my eyes opened at noon, I first wondered what day it was. Had I overslept? Was it a work day? After realizing it was Saturday, a day off, I could think of no reason to get up out of bed. I used to enjoy smoking a joint as soon as I woke up, but being I am "clean" now, I just could not motivate myself to get out of bed. I felt weak, skinny, and without energy. One good thing that is happening is that I do not worry about what anyone thinks of me. I am finally getting older and wiser. I will do laundry and clean the kitchen. Later I will drive down to South Jersey to visit my cousin.

1500 HOURS

After some coffee, cereal, and reading, I got the call from nature to move my bowels. This is a common process in animal life and insect life as well. When I think of those models on TV, I reflect on the fact that they shit. Each of us is a bag of bones, phlegm, blood, feces, etc.

The propaganda of television and the rest of the media is the cause of our ego problems. That world has no hold on me. I do not have an oversized ego for I identify my self as an organism, not as a person. An organism does not worry about a persona, a mask. The shelter my organism dwells in offers no great privacy and security against the elements. There is no purpose in life but to breed. If I do not breed, then I

may serve the species in another way, by spreading ideas. An idea, or a series of ideas, may become like organisms in themselves.

SUNDAY 22 DECEMBER 1996

2300 HOURS

My cousin and I got around to talking about the topic of casual conversation, about how "small talk" usually consists of one's occupation, one's love life, etc. I explained to him the reason why I respond to the question of "what do I do with my life?" or "what have I been up to?" with "BREATH, SLEEP, EAT, DEFICATE, URINATE, MASTURBATE, THINK, READ, WRITE, WORK, SHOP FOR GROCERIES, AND CONSUME PRODUCTS."

My cousin Eric commends me for spending more time in thought than in front of the TV or intoxicated. He suggests ~~we~~ ^I start writing down the lyrics to the songs I have been creating.

Knowledge → Knowledge refers to stored information or models used by a person, animal, or machine to interpret, predict, and appropriately respond to the outside world.

Reality, my reality that is, is easier to handle when I am not using substances for intoxication. The feeling of "release" I experienced when drunk, stoned, or stoned had to be maintained or else it led to great frustration. Whereas the peace of "well being" was reached only by imbibing substances, now I reach peace more easily - albeit not on demand as with using drugs. As long as I had cash and a source, I was there. I have eliminated the need for a source, and as for cash, with only enough for basic survival, I hand it over to the lawyer, the foodstore, the bookstore, the music store.

It is all about ENDURING LIFE, GETTING THROUGH EXISTENCE ... Now it takes less for me to endure life. I don't even need a female companion to take up my time. I am a bundle of wires and so is everything else.

The reason why I have no desire for fame, recognition, fortune, or even "friends" is because I am aware of the deeper nature of existence, far removed from TV's and radios, dance clubs and bars, movie theatres and college campuses. Do people actually play cards? What about church? Breeding is always a great way to go. I will not pretend to know more about living than most, but I will say I have no desire to seek out "friends" except for maybe a female to breed with; other than that, my only companion is my inner realm.

1200 HOURS

Keeping a "diary" is like taking notes on an experiment, keeping track of results, entering data, etc. I am continually starting over. Whether the LAB NOTES be written in a hardcover record book, a Mead Composition notebook, or a spiral notebook, it is better than writing it on a keyboard into electronic bits on disks.

Sherry was an experiment. I entered the results into notebooks 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44 ...

Stealing the purse back in April 1987 was an experiment. The results are written in Notebooks 1 to 25. Experimenting with drinking again was all an experiment, one which I made it through alive. My reputation is tarnished a bit, but what does public opinion matter? I am not a politician, just a servant to the Park. All those barmaids I was tormented by with my lust for them (Phadera, Jenn, Erin, Alex) have no hold on me. I was free to go all along. There was nothing that could keep me in the ridiculous bar scene.

"I never was a part of you. Burn!"

Smoking crack was a dangerous experiment that turned my life upside down and sent me into bankruptcy fast. I sent the \$500.00 check in this morning. The credit cards were an experiment by myself as well as the creditors: Results = BAD CREDIT. Nothing personal.

As for the "GROWING BACK THE BEARD" experiment: After one day of not shaving, the tips of the facial hair are sprouting out.

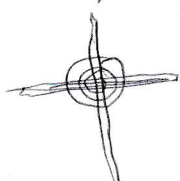
The only thing I MUST do in life is DIE.

If it is possible, I will attempt to pair bond with a female of my species ~~(and race preferably)~~ ^(NO SUCH THING AS RACE). There is no need for everyone in town to like me. All my genes require in order to replicate themselves is for ONE female to take a liking to me. She doesn't even have to like me until death do us part, although that is a comforting thought. [AHA! AMBIVALENCE! 3/2013]

Every female I encounter can think I am a weirdo; so much the better for the one woman who desires me.

I read from the fortune cookie of this evening's dinner "One century's philosophy is the next century's common sense." This very much applies to the philosophy of the 1800's Arthur Schopenhauer for our ~~for~~ common sense tells us in the 2000's that LIFE SUCKS.

I am very happy at the moment, experiencing stimulation from some classical music off a movie soundtrack. Classical music has a way of intensifying the emotional waves within. I have a "calm passion" rising in my soul...



It is because I am a unique individual that I am alone. There is nowhere to go. Those who breed have no worries about a social life because they have children to tend to. I have no desire to spend my life figuring out how to make a dollar. Our species is complicated. There is more to mating and breeding than just finding a willing partner. The world takes advantage of our weaknesses. On TV there are beer commercials displaying sexy, half naked women - that onslaught of propaganda is designed to make some poor sap think he is missing out on something.

In only a short time (Sept, Oct, Nov, Dec) 4 moons, I have made a smooth transition from a drunken addict being manipulated and controlled by substances, trapped in the bars, to a ~~chemical~~ creature very much gifted with the higher faculties of the human brain.

They do not sell brains at Computer City and no amount of education will increase your natural intelligence. There is a certain calmness / experience upon reflecting that there is nowhere for me to go, and that there is no need to go anywhere. I am my brain... my wealth is my self.

So many people gather in New York City to watch a lighted ball drop at exactly 1997:0101:0000 HOURS. They have balloons and fireworks. There is a big "to do" about nothing. Life does not change. There is nothing but mass hypnosis. What kind of a species do I belong to? I reflect on the pairs of men and women who will embrace in a kiss to start the New Year off. I think of the elderly who realize what a crock of shit the whole celebration is.

Emptiness. Even people who are surrounded by friends and family may feel the emptiness in the facade of lies. I easily endure solitude. In fact, I endure solitude more easily than time spent in the company of others.

I feel as though I am being preserved out here in the Tank House. I feel privileged to be living here, to be passing my days amongst the woods and fields of my childhood.

I will be using vacation days for Thursday and Friday so I have the next 5 days off W, T, F, S, S.
What will I do during this time of leisure?

I will do nothing planned. I will go with the flow, doing whatever evolved primordial ooze will do.

I am so much more a mechanism than a person. This is why solitude does not disturb me.

Well, I might as well be working on a military base stationed in the arctic for my isolation is extreme. The reason I did drugs was to kill time, and now I have much time on my hands without even alcohol to help me endure such things as loneliness. But if anyone could endure being alienated from humans it would be me.

I am even more of a hermit than my father, but he is one also. It is in the Kentucky genes. Even my grandfather had his home built up in the mountains of Pennsylvania in seclusion.

The main reason for my contentment with my job is for this house I live in and the land around it. I get lonely for company, but soon a woman will take care of that for me. I look up to The Big Sky and I request a woman, a woman I could even exchange ideas with besides the copulation bonding. How do I always get back to that topic?

Another evening with books, pen, and computer.

2000 HOURS

This has been the third day at home doing nothing but reading, reading, sleeping, and eating. If there were crack cocaine in front of me right this minute, I would create a smoking device and smoke it. And yet this is a clue as to why human beings are chasing drugs and alcohol: to fill the emptiness. This is the alternative to having offspring: boredom. Boredom leads to intoxication. I think I am on to something.

I could do laundry and clean the kitchen. How exciting. I could learn how to spell exciting. How about that? I have been right all these years, yet all these years I have been doubting myself. Could I drive to Overbillys? Why would I drive to a bar? Why would I want to see Phadara? I guess I just have no choice but to hang in there in my skin. This feeling of emptiness is what forces people to hand over their money for drugs, booze, sex, entertainment, et cetera.

The feeling of emptiness also has evolutionary purpose as it draws a man and a woman together. Eventually the emptiness settles in even with the couple, and then come the offspring. Ofcourse the emptiness never goes anywhere. The family fights it with religion or psychiatrists or alcohol or drugs. This will be another ~~contemplative~~ contemplative evening disconnected from friends (what friends), groups, family, bars, etc.

May I for this evening forget about the opinions of my fellow townspeople of Freehold. May I forget the opinions that the media has towards German people. May I forget that women prefer mean large men over small men like myself (except for Mexican and Japanese women). May I forget about the opinions about white people in general. May I forget about being a citizen of the United States of America for just one evening and behold myself as a celestial being! How many countless creatures on countless planets look up at the same stars as I do at this moment?

Who can judge that I am not a genius just because I labor with my hands and live a simple life? Who can judge me unaffectionate just because I do not have a mate at the present moment? These days, many potential female partners have their heads screwed up with a desire for luxuries. They are difficult to approach. In my hometown I am seen as a deviant psychotic because of the things I talk about and for the way I look at people I mistrust or dislike. I resent the wealthy who have paved over the local forests and fields. I hide away like a wild animal. I am not a citizen of a country. I am a creature of the cosmos. I am elevated by nature itself.

Many times I have written about the topic of solitude, but I do not recall if I have ever mentioned the popular opinion of the masses that one who is alone is a "loser", a freak, deficient. In other words the masses have a tremendous fear of being alone. They long for the company of others to feel they are a part of a herd, a pack, to feel they are accepted, liked, desired. The discovery of Schopenhauer's writings was a monumental experience for me for he revealed to me a truth that one could never explain to the vulgar mentalities of the social.

That truth is that the more one has in oneself the less need one has for the presence of others. At times I do sense what others would think of my solitary lifestyle: "What does he do for fun? How does he entertain himself? Does he ever go out with anyone? He is a recluse who has no one in his life. He has no life. He uses drugs to escape from the boredom of his life. He says life sucks, but it is his life that sucks. He is such a pathetic loser. He spends every night alone, reading fucking books, writing in a diary about how boring his life is, fantasizing about fucking women that will have nothing to do with him."

These would have to be the comments of those without children for anyone with children lives a basic no-fucks life. I do not have children or a wife, but because I rent this house from my employer, I do not have to escape the nest. I am not waiting for a wife either.

CHAPTER THREE

3

VITAL HEAT

SUNDAY 12 JANUARY 1997

1500 HOURS

I awake by 1330 hours. I had been laying in bed for an hour before I decided to get up. I had no reason to get out of bed. What better way to spend a day off in 15°F weather than to curl up in the fetal position and snooze in the cocoon of a heated house?

When I got up I was a little agitated that I was so paralysed with LAZINESS. Eventually I began cutting up the vegetables I had purchased, throwing them into a deep pan. I am cooking enough Pasta FaZool to last all week. No more McDonalds for awhile. It is cold outside, Pasta FaZool provides much VITAL HEAT.

1330 Hours

I am sure I would be able to find things to do if my leisure time were to be doubled. As it is, as a day laborer, I am free to study and contemplate only after the workday and on "weekends" - and even then only after preparing meals, acquiring groceries, bathing, and sleeping.

Sleeping is as much a necessity as eating is.

I dropped off a large container of pasta fazool for my father. He enjoys it very much as it really does produce much vital heat - which one notices when it is 10°F outdoors. He asks that I include him in the rations each time I cook a batch this winter. I am more than happy to share with

my father. His enjoyment of the pasta fazool shows him that his son is a true hermit -

a man who can cook for himself, free and independent. I will cook pasta fazool the weekend

after each paycheck: ingredients (butter, carrots, onion, celery, oil, parsley, garlic, tomatoes, beef broth, basil, salt, pepper, pinto beans) ~~white~~ Catellini beans

I finish reading ECONOMY from Thoreau's Walden. I am anxious to read WHAT I LIVED FOR. I may sneak the book to work. It is amazing. I have waited until I was 30 to read Walden - written when Thoreau was 30.

500 HOURS

I am beginning to wonder about this Dr. Tintorian. She does not seem very bright. She questions why I do not attend 12 step meetings. I tell her 12 step meetings are ridiculous. She believes in guardian angels but thinks that "making things happen by thinking about them" does not happen. She wants to make sure I don't think I am Jesus Christ - or other such grandiose thinking.

One good thing: either way, because I said I have continued to feel "uninterested in life", the doctor will soon be changing my medication.

I just had a blood test done. If the lithium level is low, she will up the dosage of lithium. If the lithium level is alright, she will start me on ANTIDEPRESSANTS. This will be an interesting experiment. I have not really felt the benefits of the medications yet. If she puts me on ANTIDEPRESSANTS, I will probably experience the medication in higher levels of energy and "JOLLINESS". May be we may outsmart life yet.

Another thing she zoomed in on is my isolation. She asked me if there was anything in my past that made me such an isolater.

She really sees me as withdrawn and asocial.

She CLASSIFIES me as one who is deeply withdrawn from his fellowman. I flinch under the psychiatric microscope that sees me as deviant.

She inquires about my ~~habits~~ and hobbies. I tell her I read, write, listen to music, drum.

She doesn't seem to see reading as a hobby.

I think it is hilarious that she cannot put 2 and 2 together. The reason I do not need a therapist or a "support group" is precisely because I write. WRITING IS THERAPEUTIC.

One more point. She believes the reason I did not GET FIRED (leaving me a homeless drug addict bum) is because I belong to a union (work for the STATE). I know that to use crack cocaine and drink alcohol would leave me on the street like a cave man. By ABSTAINING from these substances I can keep from being INSTITUTIONALIZED, I can keep my position in the State of NJ. With medication, I may become a SEDATED, DOMESTICATED, HOUSED CAVE MAN.

2000 HOURS

Not only was I able to do some drumming and practice some German, but I am also in the process of studying the C programming language.

My studies in Computer programming came to an abrupt halt after the Winter 1995 semester at Brookdale because I developed an addiction to crack cocaine. I am now back on my feet again, but because of my debts along with having to file for bankruptcy (lawyer costs \$1200), there is no way I could afford to go to college - not even one course per semester.

I really think I will enjoy Teaching myself C programming during this interlude. Over the summer I will study Discrete Mathematics at BCC - and may be even meet some women there too.

By September 1997 I will be taking a formal course in C programming.

Where will all this KNOWLEDGE get me?

I am not trying to "get" anywhere. I am just passing my hours away in study rather than by watching television. It is a simple matter of preferences.

CHAPTER FOUR

Life Lives Me

I no longer want to think that I am actually living life, as though life were an experiment. I want to think that life is living me, that I am the experiment.

I just have to sit back and become impersonal. I need no personality.

I am an experiment being acted upon by life. I am not responsible.

These notes on my existence are logs ~~of~~ on how the experiment is going.

01:00

Is all existence a penal colony as Schopenhauer asserted?
 Is the human condition universally and generally one of
 mental states fluctuating between pain and boredom?
 If I say I am a slave to the State Park
 Service of New Jersey, do I mean I live the
 life of a prisoner? If I am a slave/prisoner,
 the master is not a cruel one.

When I wish for a female to join me,
 do I believe she would make me complete?
 Did Sherry make me complete? Does it matter if
 I am happy or not? I am going to die like
 everyone else anyway. Must a man become a
 grandfather? Must a man become a father?

When I relate my pessimistic existentialism to
 my psychiatrist, I am repulsed that she
 classifies me as one who is pathologically
 introverted, as though there were a trauma in my
 past that causes me to be this way.

I am disgusted that she does not even have a
 clue as to the real reason behind my isolation:
 my superior intellect.

02:30

The reason why people endure existence is because they have no other choice. I guess daily routines would be more easily endured were I to smoke marijuana, but the smell of it as well as the effect it has on my alertness becomes a problem in itself. Alcohol is ingested by humans, in civilized ~~so~~ cultures, to relieve stress and boredom.

I am genetically predisposed to become heavily addicted to alcohol to the point that my life becomes centered on obtaining the substances required to keep me "high".

As long as I am off the substances, I am free from being dependent on the suppliers of these substances. Perhaps one day I will try to free myself from psychiatric medication, but I would like to see how I get along with a female while on medication first.

There is nothing to look forward to. Life is just about blood and bones, eating and shitting, fucking and raising younguns, sleeping and staying warm. How does one such as myself rise above life seeing it for what it is? Don't instruct anyone else... look around, take notice of surroundings.

5

GHOST T20H2
DANCE

23h

I have been thinking about my position in the state park service. I am 30 years old now. When I am 48 I will have 25 years service in. I will be able to retire from the state. What am I doing working for MBSP but staying afloat? What else can I do? It seems as though I am wasting away, just going through the motions with no hope of having a life besides work and college courses and grocery shopping and taking out the garbage and reading.

People make a big deal out of sex, as though it makes life worth living. No one cares about anyone but themselves or their own families - and that is the way it is. All the talk at work about who is a good employee and who is a bad employee makes me sick. The politics make me sick. I am too much the iconoclast.

Everything is arbitrary and meaningless. This is the Great Tiredness. I was trying to think of a term to give to my psychiatrist as an explanation of my lack of interest in the company of fellow human beings. I want to make clear to her that although I am not suicidal, I am very, very, very tired of the rituals of daily existence. I am tired of the years, tired of the months, tired of the weeks (the weeks are the worst unit of time), tired of the days, and dare I say so utterly tired of the moments.

a blockhead might respond, "It sucks to be you doesn't it?" - to which I would defiantly and confidently reply, "No, it sucks for all of us for life is meaningless, even with the sex, life is meaningless. To awaken to the illusory nature of existence is to become Tired, Greatly Tired."

19970205 WED

(1h) "The Great Tiredness is every bit as good as death.

There was no color here, no pain, no emotional weather at all, just an occasional address that was the outside world trying to puff itself up into significance when, of course, the secret of the Great Tiredness, the truth of this realm, was that everything was arbitrary and meaningless. In the Great Tiredness, the transition from sleep to wakefulness was often blurred." WBSpace

(18h)

While driving by Culligan's I saw Colleen outside talking to a couple drivers. I made a U-turn and pulled in. I asked her if she was married yet. She plans on marrying the "marine dude" in 1999. I smiled and told her 1999 was a long way off. I am sure she realizes this. She confessed she is not ready for marriage. I was glad to see her. It has been awhile since we talked. I see no chance of us getting together as she is much younger than I am, and besides, with the Great Tiredness in effect, a woman is going to have to ~~be~~ aggressively pursue me before I give in to romantic emotions again.